# THE PACIFIC

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## THIRST FOR GOD.

ALL else for use, one only for desire;
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee:
Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
Impel Thou me!
Delight is menace if Thou brood not by,
Power a quicksand, Fame a gathering jeer,
Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny
That these are dear),
Wash me of them, that I may be renewed,
And wander free amid my freeborn joys:
Oh, close my hand upon beatitude,
Not on her toys!

—Louise Imogen Guiney.

# THE PACIFIC

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## A CALIFORNIAN IN JAPAN WRITES OF "THE NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN."

Mr. Galen M. Fisher of Tokyo, Japan, contributes to the November number of the North American Student an informing article concerning the recent three years' evangelistic campaign in Japan. It was carried on by the united and increasingly harmonious co-operation of nine-tenths of the Protestant Christians of the empire, and has marshaled militant Christianity against the forces of evil. Two notable features of the campaign have been its Japanese leadership and the unexpectedly large sum of money contributed for it in Japan. "The help of the missionaries has been sought and welcomed, but both in counsel and execution, the Japanese have taken the laboring oar. Men who had for years looked askance at one another's theology have found their old-time confidence revived, as they have worked shoulder to shoulder, and have realized how small their differences were in comparison with their common loyalty to our Lord."

"Mr. Fisher says further: "Laymen have taken a prominent part. . . As speakers some of the eminent laymen have served almost as frequently as the leading pastors, often sacrificing days at a time from their regular occupations. It is no disparagement to the pastors to say that the deepest impression has often been produced by such laymen as Mr. Ebaira, the veteran member of the House of Peers; Madam Sirooka, the business woman converted at the age of sixty-three, whose passion now is to make Christ supreme; Colonel Yamamura of the Salvation Army, and Dr. Nitobe of Tokyo Imperial University."

The hearers of the gospel message during the three years totaled 550,000; and the converts numbered not less than 20,000.

This three years' campaign has been supplemented by a remarkable work done by Paul T. Kanamori, whom Mr. Fisher calls "one of the most eloquent evangelists Japan has ever known." It is said the Kanamori has had marvelous success in welding together the various local churches although he has worked without the backing of any representative committee. During the last ten months he has led nearly ten thousand persons to declare definitely for the Christian life.

Mr. Fisher says that although Mr. Kanamori preaches but two or three sermons, each one is a masterpiece, and that his is "aim is so to present all essentials of Christianity in each sermon that even the most unlettered hearer can make an intelligent decision."

This evangelistic campaign was suggested in 1913 by Pastor Miyagawa of Tokyo, whose proposal of the same electrified the conference in which it was made. Dr. John R. Mott agreed at once to be responsible for half the budget of $50,000, and March, 1914, the "National Co-operative Evangelistic Campaign," from which have come grand results, was begun.

A powerful auxiliary force was the "newspaper evangelism" which was carried on by Mr. Masutorni. Paid-for space in all the daily papers was filled with ringing Christian messages which winged their way thus into the most exclusive homes and to the remotest hamlets of the empire.

## GREAT LOYALTY TO THE MOTHERLAND IN CANADA AND YET MUCH BITTERNESS.

The Rev. Dr. Jowett, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, spent a large part of the summer in Canada, and was as far west as British Columbia. In a letter to the people of Westminster Chapel, London, to the pastorate of which he expects to go next April, he tells of some of his experiences among the Canadians, how he felt the passion of their love for the Motherland, and their loyalty and devotion to the broader interests of the Empire. While the whole world is looking on with admiration at the splendid heroism of the Canadian troops on the battlefields of Europe, he says that it is in Canada that one finds "the quenchless enthusiasm and the indomitable purpose and resolution which are the secrets of her soldiers' glorious valor." He adds that there are, of course, differences of opinion about the conduct of the war, conflicting judgments on the necessity of conscription, but that these differences are certain to be surmounted and the full strength of the Dominion "poured out in almost lavish prodigality" in the prosecution of the war.

All this having been said, Dr. Jowett, mentions one thing which he would have pressed on the minds and hearts of the Motherland. He writes: "I feel that I must add one other word about Canadian sentiment and conviction. I find a deep and wide-spread resentment that while prohibition reigns in almost every province in the Dominion, and her young men have such moral defences as a clean statute book can afford, they cross the seas into conditions in which the most deadly peril abounds, and where temptations to drink are almost ostentatiously offered as tokens of comradeship and conviviality as well as the indispensable necessity of endurance and strength. The Canadian youths are falling before the temptation, and there is bitterness in Canada. There is nothing that Britain could do, even at this late hour, which would give such satisfaction in Canada, and which would tend to raise her regard still higher in the United States, as a firm, stern, and fearless grappling with the tyranny of intoxicating drink."

## BILLY SUNDAY AND A NEW YORK PASTORATE.

It appears that the suggestion has been made to Billy Sunday that he could, if he desired, get a call to one of the leading churches of New York City. The Christian Herald makes this comment. "It is a tempting offer, no doubt, but

we venture the opinion that the evangelist would do better service in a church of his own than in one where the denominational harness might fit a bit too snugly at times. The work of an evangelist, to be effective, must be free from all unnecessary bonds and limitations. New York would welcome Billy Sunday as a permanent fixture and our people would fill the biggest tabernacle to hear him. * * * In a church wholly interdenominational he would never lack for an audience. What with his vivid oratory and Rodeheaver's stirring songs of the Christian life, such a ministry, we feel assured, would be remarkably blessed. And that is the real point after all. Besides, a zealous church, planned and conducted on a large and liberal scale, would be a mighty center of nation-wide evangelism, radiating its influence to every point of the compass, and sending forth its leader on Pauline missions, to quicken other churches. That would be the ideal pastorate for him, and one in which he would find ample room for the extension of his rare evangelistic powers."

Our judgment is that Billy Sunday would, in a year or two, even in a city so large as New York, cease to be the great attraction that he now is, and that his influence as an evangelist would be very greatly lessened.

Whatever good his preaching is calculated to give—and of course with all its objectionable features it does result in good—can be better done working as he has long been working. A trip to Europe and some work for a time among the soldiers at the front or in preparation therefor, would bring results.

When Mr. Sunday went from Los Angeles to Camp Kearny near San Diego, he made a marked impression on the young men there. A visitor there that day has written: "Sunday's closing prayer had such tenderness and such simplicity that many were not ashamed to know that others saw the tears. For tears were many that wonderful hour when he said these words: 'Jesus, bless this bunch, will you? They are clean and strong now. But the devil would like to damn every one. He would like to fill their mothers' eyes with tears. But don't let him get them. God bless our old flag. It has been in many a fix since 1776. But it has never touched the ground, boys, and let's hope she never will this time. And pray God to help to uphold it. When God sounds taps for all of us, we'll all tramp before the Lord, and he will say, 'Bill, remember that day at Linda Vista.' "

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## A NOTEWORTHY CHANGE IN RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM AND THE RELATION OF THE SAME TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

The consolidation of The Congregationalist and The Advance, which took place last week, will enable the Congregational Publishing Society to serve, journalistically, more satisfactorily in many ways than it has been served, all that part of our national domain outside the Pacific district. We rejoice with our brethren of the East over this consummation. We shall in the future welcome the weekly visits of "The Congregationalist and Advance" as we have long welcomed the visits of the separate publications.

In name The Congregationalist is only two years older than The Pacific. The Advance is not so old by many years. The Congregationalist was founded in 1849, and as the continuator of The Recorder, established by Nathaniel Willis in 1816, justly lays claim to being the oldest distinctly religious weekly in America. The Pacific dates from 1851. The Advance from 1867.

Inasmuch as the prevailing belief on the Pacific Coast is that The Congregationalist and Advance, published in Boston, cannot serve Pacific Coast needs as it can the needs of the East, The Pacific continues on its useful career. For sixty-seven years The Pacific has entered with marked serviceableness into the work of Congregationalism and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast. No one can look over the files for those years and fail to discern at once that a large variety of the institutions and interests making for the welfare of humanity have been aided by it immeasurably. Soon after The Pacific was founded in 1851 there was an effort in California to get a convention for the framing of a new constitution with the expectation of opening up thus the way for slavery to be established here. The Pacific was the first paper to take an open and bold stand against the convention movement. And in 1861 The Pacific and The California Christian Advocate were two of the powerful agencies co-operating to keep California loyal to the Union.

There is good reason for the belief that it was an address given in Sacramento in 1852, by Dr. J. A. Benton, at that time one of the editors of The Pacific as well as pastor in that city, on "California As She Was, As She Is and As She Is To Be," which gave to the men who some years later led in building the Central Pacific Railroad the first inspiration for that great undertaking.

If a Pacific Coast church paper was ever needed it is still needed. A paper published in Boston never has and never will meet Pacific Coast needs. We need a publication in a central place on this Coast—a paper that can help shape Coast sentiment week by week at close range, one which commending itself by its discussion of questions of the day will at the same time be the vehicle for carrying to the homes that kind of reading matter which specially concerns our churches and the Kingdom of God, and which will command attention the more readily because of its appearance in a publication which the people value because it enlightens as to the varied affairs of life.

It is accordingly with pleasure that we announce that at a recent largely attended meeting in San Francisco a committee was appointed to seek such co-operation of the conferences on the Pacific Coast as would make it possible for The Pacific to enter ere long on a career of much greater service than at any time in the past.

We regret that our Publishing Society did not see the way clear to assume the ownership and publication of the paper in accordance with overtures presented to a National Council commission. "Westward the course of empire takes its way!" If The Pacific goes on for sixty-seven years more—as we believe it will—we shall by that time have two church papers owned and published by our National Society; or, moving out from Boston to San Francisco, "The Congregationalist And Advance" will be merged with The Pacific and the name will be "The Pacific Congregational Advance." What an advance that will be!

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Dr. Short, the pastor of the First Methodist Church of Spokane, spoke at the Jewish Temple Emanu-El in that city on a recent Friday evening. Rabbi Rosen conducted the services and mentioned being at the Methodist church a few weeks before and responding to the request to offer prayer from the pulpit. Dr. Short expressed the hope that the Temple service in which he was participating would be the beginning of a new era that would lead to closer ties among all denominations. Even closer fellowship than this has been for several years in San Francisco between the First Congregational Church and Temple Emanu-El, the pastors exchanging pulpits, and each year union Thanksgiving services being held.

## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

An Eastern Washington fruit-grower has sent or is about to send one thousand boxes of apples to the boys at Camp Lewis.

The San Francisco Star holds that the treatment of the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow recently in Kentucky "was an exhibition of cowardice and brutality such as might be expected from the 'unspeakable Turk,' or a band of painted savages."

It is significant that at the November election last year San Jose gave a majority of nearly a thousand against prohibition, and at the election on the 6th of November this year a majority of 1.547 in favor of it. Public sentiment is changing rapidly even in the most saloon-cursed cities of California.

The First Methodist Church of Seattle is trying an experiment which is solving temporarily at least the problem of the young people running off home after Sunday-school is out. It is a preaching service for them in the Sunday-school room while the one for the adults is going on in the church auditorium.

At the meeting of the Northwest Fruit Growers' Association in Spokane last week Dr. Lowther, a prominent fruitgrower of North Yakima declared that 50,000 Chinamen could be used to good advantage in Washington. He is of opinion that the wage should conform to the present scale for white men.

We rejoice with the temperance people of Los Angeles over the victory there last week against the saloon. Los Angeles, of course, will be far from "bone dry" when this measure goes into effect early next year, but it is a step in the right direction. We would like to see a similar effort made in San Francisco.

The people of Oregon are considerably disturbed over the fact that the State Agricultural College at Corvallis may lose Dr. Kerr, who has won for himself an enviable reputation during his ten years' service as president. Kansas wants him. The call appeals to him, not because of the $9,000 salary, but because of the larger opportunity in some ways.

"The soldiers are all for the Y. M. C. A., every last man of them. Men who formerly dodged all things churchly, who passed up any game that didn't give an opportunity to bet, are regular and enthusiastic visitors at the Y. M. C. A. headquarters." So writes a member of the Jefferson county contingent at American Lake, Washington, to the Port Townsend Daily Leader.

The Argonaut is among the papers declaring now that the saloon is doomed in California. It says: "Practically the saloon has no defenders. * * * Even the saloonkeepers themselves, serving merely as the agents of wholesalers and brewers, have ceased to contend for its existence. * * * We believe that even in San Francisco, if the issue were squarely put before the public, the saloon would be voted out of existence."

We are pleased to find the Labor Clarion, San Francisco, saying: "Tipping has no place among democratic people, because there can be no feeling of equality between the person who receives the tip and one who gives it. The one of necessity feels superior while the other in the very nature of things accepts inferiority. The system ought to be kicked completely out of the country, for the good of the people and the safety of democracy." Lead on, O, Labor Clarion! There are many who will follow you!

The 91st Psalm, printed on printers' muslin and in scroll form, will be presented to each soldier in the 91st division at Camp Lewis, Washington. Attached to the scroll will be a roller on which the muslin can be rolled; and a rubber band snapped around it, it can be carried in the pocket. The first few words of the psalm are: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in him will I trust."

"On a November Sunday afternoon the sergeant of the stockade of a war camp somewhere on the Pacific Coast called out the prisoners from their two rows of tents within the barbed wire enclosure," writes a chaplain. "The uniqueness of the occasion was partly because of the setting—a prison pen with the first offenders of the new army—and partly because now the preacher man had a compelled audience. It was three o'clock. The hundred or more khaki dressed boys were summoned from their tents. They came quickly and in all degrees of readiness. They were not criminals. They were offenders. Mostly victims of some indulgence or some breach of military law. Such a school as this they had not imagined six weeks ago out there on the big ranch. Two or three vicious faces only appeared. Around us in a circle they sat and he who came to sing led them. At first hardly a voice gave answer. Then one by one they joined. 'Yield not to Temptation, for yielding is sin,' that was the song. Finally we counted fifty who sang. He who came to pray and preach depended upon the great Heart that day. 'Jesus Christ, always the same,' was his word. Then he asked them how many had been taught about this Shepherd, Lord? Nearly all raised their hands. Forty joined a Bible class to be conducted each Sunday afternoon. Four men agreed to become leaders of the others. What a day it was. Thus does the Spirit lead. When we came they saw in our approach only another sign of offense. When we went they reached out eager hands and gave friendship's adieu. We shall go again to our Prisoners of Hope."

Chester H. Rowell, an influential man in California and editor of a clean and able daily paper, says concerning the Rominger bill: "If prohibition is ever to come it will probably be the better enforced for an interval under the Rominger bill; if prohibition does not come it will be because the Rominger bill will have demonstrated it to be unnecessary. In either event it is a great step forward which should be supported by wets and drys and moderates alike. The drys can of course in addition put a bone-dry amendment on the ballot if they choose and can vote for both. The California Voice reports Mrs. Annie E. Bidwell as writing to a friend in one of the bay cities who wrote her that many church members were signing the initiative petitions for the Rominger bill: "I consider it a most pernicious document, and can never endorse it. I became a Prohibitionist when a young woman living in Washington, D. C., before the word Prohibitionist had been heard by me. Wine made me a Prohibitionist. I know every kind of wine. I have attended dinners, teas, magnificent evening parties given by diplomats, judges of Supreme court, senators, members of Congress, and to this day I have never seen whiskey served on these occasions, but always wine and champagne. I have studied the beer question and know that scientists rank it with the most dangerous intoxicants. We are mad to endorse wine and beer. Who ever tempted young men and women with whiskey?" The judgment of The Pacific is that the bill is a step in the

right direction; that it embodies all that Cailfornia reasonably can expect to secure now, and should have hearty support.

In one of the Pacific Coast cantonments a University of California man approached a voluntary chaplain at the close of a sermon in the Y. M. C. A. building, and asked for an interview. The chaplain writes: "About a week later the visit was made. After a heavy day of field work the soldier came and opened his heart. It was a strange inquiry room with the confusion and noise of thousands of men just outside. But in that place 6x10, which served as bedroom and reception room this hour was large. The student soldier opened his heart through an ancient matter: How can God be known through Jesus? That was his question. It was answered in an old-fashioned way. The strong man in uniform was told of the gentleness that becomes Shepherd. He was taught the goodness that becomes flesh. He was told to recognize the Spirit that all the time speaks. He was urged to respect his own sense of God through the one man of all the years who is able to become 'Way, Truth and Life.' Someway this fellow had come to believe he was not Christian. He confessed that the war had called him to a new inquiry and a strong desire. But he hesitated concerning the Divinity of Christ. He promised to build again upon what he did believe and place Christ first. As he stood strong and tall and clasped the hand of the chaplain in a new decision there flashed through the hears of both teacher and enquirer the larger meaning of these war days. God is being rediscovered. And as they faced each other that evening they confessed this each to the other."

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## LOS ANGELES CORRESPONDENT ANALYZES, CRITICIZES, AND COMMENDS THE BILLY SUNDAY EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN.

A Los Angeles correspondent of the Northwestern Christian Advocate commended Billy Sunday to Chicago as follows: "Of course the Sunday vocabulary is a weird and wonderful thing. And people who never saw a sermon on legs get a thrill or two. And some of the thousand ushers for the half million folks hurt certain conventional feelings now and then. And the $100,000 that it all costs seems a big pile of money for a gospel that has been free so long. Then the Germans and the Kaiser are named right out in meeting, and Uncle Sam is among the saints, and the great war is a crusade. And such queer and rousing things come to pass that circus people say they have been to a circus. They have reason to know. And the preacher takes his Calvinism very seriously. Nor are his opinions of higher critics overmuch hid in a corner. Nor is the second coming of our Lord the end of the world, as the Creed says, but the real hope of the world. His sufficiently clear way of putting it is that 'God Almighty is not trying to save the world now.' And he geos right on as if there was not a word of truth in the whole premillennial business, which is quite likely. And more Church members hit the trail than any other sort of men or women, which is a matter to think about. O yes, of course, everybody would change something in the Billy Sunday evangelism. But with all words said, Los Angeles is glad all over it came to town. Chicago may get ready in grim dead earnest for twelve such weeks of religious upsetting as it never knew." After further words in commendation the Los Angeles correspondent expresses himself thus: "It is the profound conviction of the writer that the effectiveness of the Sunday evangelism might be multiplied by two. An inquiry room, faithfully administered, might lessen the thousands, but would forever set aside the only valid real criticism that tarries when the tabernacle goes. The trail-hitters are so largely Church members. The thing looks like a parade. Some of them are backsliders. Some of them were never converted. The men of Ephesus are several more than twelve. Some of them never would get very serious over anything. Most of them are of the best. To those very crowds we would give our lives to reach, these Church members are their models, their leaders, their brothers by and by, and to see them hitting the trail wolesale is a puzzle. They see no reason why a veritable sinner, happening to be in the Church, should not hit the trail. They see every reason why he should. They are shaken when he does. But if these whole families and congregations go marching by, their meditations take another turn. They have an occasion to wait a while, and they wait. Nor is the reaction among the workers in the revival to be overlooked. It is in the battle that men fight. With all its liabilities, the inquiry room, with its closer individual contact, would double the abiding good of this masterful evangel. The impact of the Sunday evangelism has been so tremendously enlarged and improved with the years that its friends expect the best. The test of anything is at its output. By the fruits we know."

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## JUDGE FORBES OF LOS ANGELES ON THE TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

The November number of The Legal Informant, a Los Angeles magazine, has an article by Judge Frank S. Forbes of that city on "How Should Criminals Be Treated?" In announcing the article the editor says: "Justice Forbes was for many years a Congregational minister. During his service for humanity in that connection he read law and studied matters pertaining to criminology. The same broad-mindedness and keen sympathy which made him successful as a minister have contributed to his career upon the bench." Many of the readers of The Pacific have remembrance of Judge Forbes as pastor at Santa Barbara and in East Los Angeles, and have had pleasure in the fact that as County Court Judge in Los Angeles for several years now he has brought about reforms there in the treatment of criminals which have resulted in great good in the lives of a large number of persons. In his article in The Legal Informant he notes the change from the old-time methods of dealing with criminals to what he terms the present incipient stage of a scientific, humane and more efficient way." He believes that the criminal is a morally sick person; in many instances both mentally and morally sick. We quote briefly from his article: "Criminals may be divided into two main classes—subnormals and normals; about in the proportion of 'fifty-fifty.' The sub-normals may be subdivided into the two classes of those who were born wrong, and those who because of some accident, sickness, or through vicious habit, have been stunted in their mental and moral growth. The general public has little idea of the large and rapidly increasing number of children born wrong. It was reported not long ago by some one connected with our public schools, that there were probably two thousand sub-normal children in the public schools of this city. Any judge of a Criminal Court, who has made a careful investigation, will say that fifty per cent of the criminals brought before him are sub-normal in certain respects, which tends to produce criminal acts, and belong to one or the other above-named sub-normal classes." It is Judge Forbes' opinion that all sub-normals who have committed crime should be treated very much as the insane are

treated. "They are not feedble-minded, but are usually very bright along certain lines, and at the same time mentally and morally deficient along other lines. It is a crime in itself for the State to punish such people, and furthermore instead of improving the mental and moral condition of such it tends to make it even worse. There should be an institution in every state where such can be placed for such scientific humane treatment by experts as will tend to overcome the peculiar weakness of the criminal, endeavor to make it possible for such to lead normal lives." As to the normal criminals he says: "They also may be divided into various classes, such as those who commit crime against property, others committing crime against the person only, and some have been trained as professional criminals from childhood. Each class and each individual will have to be treated in a way peculiar to his own temperament, but in no case should be given vindictive punishment if the desire is to make of him a better citizen." Judge Forbes goes on then to declare the first great step toward diminishing crime is to put into practice in every state the words of Gladstone: "Make it easy for men to do right and hard for them to do wrong."

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## BISHOP McCONNELL ON THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD CRISIS.

We present some excerpts from an address given by Bishop McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the meeting last month in Pittsburg of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America:

"One great weakness of Protestantism is the absence of an organized body that can have much direct influence upon the course of the war. Sir Edward Grey is reported to have said that the war might have been avoided if there had been forty-eight hours. It cannot mobilize its forces within that time. It cannot make itself felt within forty-eight hours. While we insist upon the importance of distinct denominational organizations, we work towards some kind of organization which can express itself in forty-eight hours.

"In the next place, the war is for the extension of democracy. Can we make the world safe for democracy? Perhaps our best contribution to this problem would be to ask if we can make the Church safe for democracy. The idea of the New Testament is that God is in the midst of men, working with them and for them. But too much of our preaching still turns around the idea of God as an autocrat whose decrees are, in a sense, arbitrary. Or, we too often think of Him as a fraternalistic ruler giving good gifts to men out of mere personal kindness. Over against these conceptions must be put the idea of a God who is profoundly responsible, a God for whom men would vote if they had the opportunity to do so.

"We shall have to broaden, too, our conception of Christian Service. With the sight of millions of men marching to death for convictions dear to them it will be no longer permissible for us to insist upon artificial or trifling tests as signs of the Christian spirit. It is the function of the Church today to make men conscious of the spirit which possesses them, to bring out in the clear light the Christ who is working within them. All arbitrary standards of salvation must be forever swept to one side if we are really to move masses of men. The one test of democratic righteousness is just the willingness to do the will of God.

"Finally, we are declaring that this war is being waged in behalf of the fundamental human interests. The church must ask herself if she stands as she should for the fundamental human interests. She must be willing to make any modification in her doctrines or practice which seem to stand in the way of fundamental human rights. She must insist that men have life, and that they have it much more abundantly.

"Moreover the Church must stand for the Christianization of international relationships. It must take the whole field of diplomacy out of the realm of trickery and bring it up to the light of publicity. It must take the question of human brotherhood seriously. This does not mean that all nations must be levelled into uniformity, but it does mean that there must not be a "no man's land" on the boundaries between the nations."

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## DR. GLADDEN CONCERNING "THE SOUL OF A BISHOP."

Dr. Wasington Gladden presented in his church in Columbus on a recent Sunday evening a study of "The Soul of a Bishop," the latest book by H. G. Wells. There are two questions sure to be raised concerning this book remarked Dr. Gladden. The first question is this: Was it necessary for the Bishop to resign his office?

To this Dr. Gladden answered:

"You will have to read the story before you can answer. Mr. Wells assumes that it was the only thing for him to do. I am not sure. Certainly, after the illumination that had come to him the environment would have had to be changed radically or he could not have lived in it. Could he have hoped, reasonably, for such changes in the environment to be wrought by him and those of like mind? Could he have hoped to make a place in the church for that larger life on which he had entered?

"I do not know. I see some strong and fine men living in apparent comfort in that communion on both sides of the sea. The English churchman whom I knew best, Dean Freemantle, was such a man. Bishop Phillips Brooks was such a man. Dean Hodges is such a man. Our own neighbor bishops, Atwood and Reese, are such men. I think that they would have made room for Bishop Scrope, and would have helped him to make room for others. And it would have been well worth while for him to put himself into friendly relations with such men, and wait a while, to see what is coming. For something is surely coming. It was only a year or two ago that these things happened. The war wasn't over, and religion, in all the churches, is going to be another thing, after the war. There is likely to be room in the narrowest ecclesiasticisms for men of the width of Bishop Scrope.

"Anyhow I believe, as a general principle, in staying in the narrow church until it broadens—staying in it and making room in it. Staying in and keeping your head level and your temper sweet and your conscience clear, staying in it, and standing up for God and the things of his kingdom for whatsoever things are just and sure and honorable and lovely and of good report. If they won't stand for such things, but insist on putting you out, go out and leave your blessing behind you."

The other thing Dr. Gladden said that he had in mind was "the suggestion that what we call our normal life may often be sub-normal; that we are living ordinarily below par and that what we all want is some powerful tonic which shall bring us up to the level of ourselves."

And he went on to say:

"We want no drugs, no artificial stimulants, but we do want some influence brought into our lives which shall powerfully reinforce our vitality. What did Jesus say? 'I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it abundantly.' And Tennyson's often quoted lines come

home to us:

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life and fuller that we want.

"And when that want is satisfied, when life, in full tide, comes surging in, then we know God. To be filled with the fullness of life is to be filled with the fullness of God. And then something like what happened to the bishop that last night in Kensington Garden may happen to us.

"There had been a great stirring of the deeps of his affection. The daughter who was as dear to him as life had been passing through a great emotional crisis and it had to be his, of course. It had called him to make a supreme sacrifice. From that crisis he had come back to his own perplexities.

"Did he believe in God? Again he put that fundamental question to himself.

"He sat very still in the sunlit place, with his eyes upon the still mirror of the waters. The question seemed to fill the whole scene to wait, even as the water and the sky and the windless trees were waiting. * * *

"And then by imperceptible degrees there grew in Scrope's mind the persuasion that he was in the presence of the living God. This time there was no vision of angels or stars, no snapping of bowstrings, no throbbing of the heart nor change of scene, no melodramatic drawing back of the curtain from the mysteries. The water and the bridge and the ragged black trees and a distant boat that broke the silvery calm with an arrow of black ripple, all these things were still before him. But God was there, too. God was everywhere about him. This persuasion was over him and about him, a dome of protection, a power in his nerves, a peace in his heart. It was an exulting beauty, it was a perfected conviction. This indeed was the coming of God, the real coming of God.

"For the first time, Scrope was absolutely sure that for the rest of his life he would possess God. Everything that had so perplexed him seemed to be clear now; and his troubles lay at the foot of this last complete realization, like a litter of dust and leaves in the foreground of a sunlit, snowy mountain range."

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## SOME WAR-TIME THOUGHTS.

**By Charles E. Jefferson, Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York.**

### How the Word "Pacifist" Should Be Used.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, is reported to have said in a speech delivered on Labor Day: "I am a Pacifist, that is, I was until President Wilson asked Congress to declare war." The remark of Mr. Gompers deserves attention because it illustrates a widespread mental confusion as to the meaning of the word Pacifist. According to Mr. Gompers' understanding of the word, a Pacifist is a man who believes in peace, and who therefore ceases to be a Pacifist the moment he concedes the desirability of his nation engaging in war. If this be true, then all Pacifists, if true to their colors, are today disloyal to the policy of our Government, and the men who were once Pacifists and who are now supporting the Government are Pacifists no more. An editor solemnly asserted the other day: "There is no such thing as Pacifism now." This is a loose use of the words Pacifist and Pacifism which is very much to be regretted. The word Pacifist came into use a few years ago to designate a man who repudiates the creed of the Militarist. The Militarist had become a well-known character in many countries, and his creed was clean-cut and plausible. He believed that war is a good, an indispensable good, a part of the normal and wholesome life of a nation, and that without war nations stagnate and the fiber of civilization rots. The Pacifist arose to deny this. He believes that war is an evil, always an evil; a disaster, always a disaster. He does not deny however, that war at times may be necessary to escape a greater evil, or to ward off a more terrible disaster, but it is fundamental in the creed of the Pacifist that war is always an evil and everywhere a disaster. The Militarist believed that war is the mother of the virtues, that without war at short intervals men lose heir fighting edge and that the virile qualities grow feeble and have a tendency to disappear. The Pacifist arose to repudiate this. H does not only deny that many individuals develop and exhibit in time of war obedience, courage, and self-sacrifice, but he contends that all these virtues can be better developed and more fully exhibited in the struggle of peace. He remembers that devotion, courage and sacrifice have never gone beyond those virtues in Jsus of Nazareth, a man who pursued a citizen's life, and never led an army to the field of battle A Militarist believes that war is inevitable, a biological necessity, a fatality built into the structure of the world, and that therefore armed peace is the only policy which guarantees national security, and that universal conscription—or the whole nation in arms—is the glorious ideal which all strong nations should follow. Here again the Pacifist dissents. He believes that war is a necessity only because of the stupidity and foolishness of men, and that if diplomats and statesmen could be compelled by the people to give up their mistaken ideas and pagan traditions, the nations would live in peace. He believes that huge armaments are a provocative of war, that a nation in arms is the ideal of a savage, and that armed peace is a policy which leads ultimately and inevitably to war.

A Militarist might at some particular juncture in his nation's history be in favor of peace. It is absurd to assume that a Militarist is always in favor of war. A militarist does not favor war except when the time is ripe, and when victory for his nation seems wellnigh certain. For instance, a man who today wants the war to come to an immediate stop is not necessarily a Pacifist. He may be a Militarist. He may believe in war whenever advantageous, but not now. His nation may be geting the worst of it, and therefore he cries aloud for peace. His cries may not be born of his Pacifism, for a Pacifist he is not. It is simply the yelp of a dog which is under. A Pacifist, on the other hand, may be an ardent advocate of the policy of carrying a war through to a victorious conclusion. His Pacifism may compel him to take this course. His intense hatred of war and his love of peace may make it impossible for him to advocate a cessation of hostilities at the present hour. He concedes that war may be forced on a nation and that when the war has been begun, it is the part of wisdom to carry it through to conclusions which will not jeopardize the peace of coming generations.

And so, a large majority of all the Pacifists of the United States are today loyally behind our Government. They are not clamoring for a premature peace. They have not swallowed any of their words, or become recreant to any of their principles. They are bona fide Pacifists still. They are more convinced than ever of the stupidity and brutality of war. They are more certain than ever that war spells disaster for every nation that engages in it. But some things can be bought only by disaster. The things they believed before the war, they believe today, and they are going to believe the same things after the war is ended. If Mr. Gompers was a Pacifist before the war he is a Pacifist still. That is too good a word lightly to surrender. The

war is simply deepening the conviction of Pacifists that war is not the mother of the virtues, but the mother of all the vices, that armed peace is a snare of the devil, that a nation in arms is a menace, and that it behooves all men everywhere to do everything that lies in their power to create at the end of this war a league of nations sworn to loyalty to principles and policies which will make a recurrence of the present world tragedy, if not impossible, at least unlikely.

**When A Conflagration is Raging.**

When a conflagration is raging it is the duty of good citizens not to add fuel to the fire. When men are saying hot and scorching things, it behooves the Christian to use language which is free from heat. Words are fuel and when thousands of men begin to throw them into the air they can make the atmosphere so hot as to endanger the peace and order of a city. One hot word provokes another, and a hundred hot words stir up a hundred others. When the blood begins to boil its temperature increases at each new discharge of frenzied words. When a man finds himself so beside himself that he cannot conclude a sentence without putting into it an inflammatory word, it is time to remind himself that there are times when silence is golden.

In times of excitement the fervor of the nerves shows itself in exaggerated and exasperating speech. It is in such times a Christian needs to say: "I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue." One is often surprised by displays of the lack of self control in quarters where such exhibitions were least expected. Persons whom we had considered cool suddenly become seized with frenzy, and those who have had the reputation of speaking with moderation go off on tangents in the most amazing fashion. Many persons are tolerant until they become intensely interested, and then the spirit of intolerance takes possession of them, and they become incapable of treating a person who differs from them with courtesy or even decency. What passes for tolerance is often simply indifference. Some people pride themselves upon their tolerance for different religious opinions, when the fact is they are lacking in religious conviction, and hence cannot become emotional over any religious opinion whatever. It is only the people who believe with mind and heart and soul a certain truth or doctrine who have a chance to show whether or not they are tolerant when the opposite idea or dogma is presented. One reason why men in the 16th and 17th centuries were so intolerant is because they felt so intensely about the matters which were in dispute. We sneer at their bigotry because we remain cool when such things are discussed, but we ourselves exhibit the bigot within us as soon as we come to discuss matters in which our own heart is deeply enlisted. When we come to debate questions like war or socialism or fusion or woman suffrage—questions which are alive and appeal to the heart—it is difficult for us to restrain ourselves from falling into the same ugly feelings and ill-mannered expressions which we condemn in the men who lived long ago. No man is really tolerant who cannot keep cool and sweet in the presence of a person who repudiates the idea or cause which he himself holds dear.

**How it Behooves Us to Live.**

We are living in great days. It behooves us to live as sons of God.

These are days of searchings of heart, and of much questioning. Every one can ask more questions than he can answer.

It is in trying times that one can test the worth of his religion. If our religion does not furnish us strength when we need strength, and comfort when we need comfort, and hope when we need hope, then we ought to deepen and expand our religion that it may do for us what religion ought to do. When the earth grows misty we need to fix our eyes upon the stars.

One of the problems of a Christian man in a time like this is to be angry and at the same time not sin. It is a duty to be angry in the presence of cruelty and inhumanity. A man who does not burn at the sight of brutality is lacking in the finer elements of manhood. If we cannot condemn in our heart with firece and unfliching condemnation outrages and atrocities, it is because our heart has ceased to be truly human and fails to respond to the heart of God. But to be indignant and not to allow one's indignation to run beyond its proper bounds, that is hard To blaze with wrath and not allow any of the Christian graces to be consumed by it, is far from easy. To condemn the sin and at the same time love the sinner is a task which may well daunt us, but which it is our duty to make honest efforts to perform.

**The Standpoint of the Man Opposed To You.**

It is always wise to get the standpoint of the man who is opposed to you. The easy thing to do is to assume at once that he is ignorant or lacking in intelligence, or possibly possessed by a devil. But this is too easy. It may be that he differs from you because his mind dwells upon a range of facts which you ignore, and gives to certain factors in the problem a valuation which you deny. Some persons feel it is disloyalty to their own position even to try to grasp in imagination the position of an enemy, and others assume that if you try even for a moment to put yourself in your enemy's place, you run the risk of staying there. It is this narrowness of mind and inelasticity of spirit which account for much of the bitterness and woe in the world. One does not try to apprehend the standpoint of an antagonist in order to bring himself over to that standpoint, but simply to give strength to his patience, and make him a little more rational in his judgments on those who oppose him.

**The Laws of God Never Silent.**

There is an ancient adage to the effect that in the midst of arms the laws are silent. This is true of many of the regulations which men have made, but it is not true of any of the laws of God The laws of God are never suspended. They run on forever. They are as binding in the days of war as they are in the times of peace. It is in the times of war that we need to think often of the laws of God, lest confused by the hubbub and lost in the tumult we cease to obey them. The Christian pulpit in time of war has resting on it a momentous responsibility. When the guns are booming the pulpit must not allow its message to be drowned by their thunder. When the newspapers are filled with clamor and controversy, busied with the things that can be handled and seen, it behooves the pulpit to keep on repeating the things which it has repeated from the beginning, and to keep its eyes on the things which are unseen and eternal. The law of compassion is an eternal law. It must be fearlessly proclaimed in the day of brutality and blood. The law of forgiveness is never suspended. "Be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." The law of good-will is of unchanging significance. On all of the days it binds us. "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." It is necessary for us to do this in order to be the children of our Heavenly Father and to retain the right to call ourselves Christians. The law of love is as eternal

as God Himself. The greatest of the Apostles declares that if love does not rule his heart, he has nothing and is nothing, and he exhorts all men in all places to the end of time to follow this course of action: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." No part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ has become obsolete. No command of our Lord has been suspended No matter what governments may say or do, the duty of the church is forever clear, it must proclaim in season and out of season the everlasting gospel of brotherliness and good-will.

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## AN ORDINATION AT SANTA BARBARA.

It is old news, but good news and interesting that on the 26th of last September, Mr. T. Banno, by an Ecclesiastical Council duly called by the Japanese Congregational Church in Santa Barbara, was ordained as pastor of that church. The churches invited were those in Santa Barbara Ventura and Saticoy and the First Japanese Branch Church in Los Angeles; all of which were present; also Revs. G. F. Kengott, W. C. Pond and G. W. Hinman who was made the Moderator. Rev. W. F. Hannaford of Ventura was the Scribe.

The neat chapel in the new and recently dedicated Mission House was well filled with an audience about two-thirds Japanese and one-third American.

Thus much in this item is commonplace. Its only special interest is in the fact that it was a Japanese who received ordination. But in his "statement of experience as belief" there was much, especially as coming from one in the second generation of Christian Japanese that not only interested me but I am quite sure will interest all the readers of The Pacific. It is a lengthy document. I give the statement of his experience without much abridgment. His doctrinal statement I must give mainly in an abstract.

**Statement of Experience.**

"I was born in a Christian family. This was a rare privilege at those times in Japan. The interest against Christian faith had hardly been removed ten years when my father began preaching the Gospel. Fortunately there was a Christian school which was established by an American missionary in the city where we lived. So I was sent there with my sisters. I remember that I was very cautious not to meet the boys on the streets because they used to give me persecution. Later, when father changed his place, I was sent to Government schools. Christian faith was not understood by my people at large, and was sometimes regarded as a treason to their country. I recollect the scenes in which stones and pieces of wood from the fences were thrown at my father's pulpit and a lot of abusive words uttered against him. Sometimes a police was on guard to prevent any possible outbreak of violence. Among these circumstances my father's love and concernment respecting his children, was naturally very great. He was heard, morning and evening, praying earnestly for them.

"These prayers were impressed into my mind more than anything else. He brought us up in the teachings of the Lord. The Sunday School teachings are mostly forgotten, but his prayers remain in me as fresh as yesterday. I had a grandmother, who had been a very devoted Buddhist. It is almost a miracle that an old woman who was almost astonished to death when her son became a Christian, should be converted into that faith herself and become one of the most devoted believers. She was a very energetic woman. One of the things I remember is that she took much of her time in making paper strings, first cutting, twisting, and then spinning paper. These were made into beautiful table covers and other stuffs and exported to America. Every cent of profit thus gained was carefully saved and given toward the church fund. She never kept anything for herself. Even the little money which her friends gave her occasionally as presents was turned over to us in the form of clothing or other things. My mother being sickly, this old woman took care of me and my sisters to a great extent. She was a woman of prayer also. She prayed without ceasing almost literally for the glory of God, prosperity of the church and for her grand-children.

"My uncle was a professor in a missionary school, and after finishing grammar school I was sent there to take a high school course. While I was there I received a lot of Christian instructions and influence. I did not quite understand doctrinally what God's love was, but I knew what my father's love was. He was poor. I knew he hardly passed a month without failing to make both ends meet. I knew it was money made of tears and real sacrifice that he sent me monthly. And he had also two grown-up daughters to look after. I wanted to please him, but alas! my flesh was weak. So far as studies were concerned I was always in good standing. My partial apology, however, is this:

"Japan was in seclusion for twenty-five hundred years, during which time loyalty and obedience were the reigning virtues of the people. Now she has awakened these fifty years to a new meaning of personality and freedom. The maelstrom of this sudden change naturally had some effect upon my little mind. In all revolutions, healthy progress is more or less accompanied by disorderly and dangerous tendencies, and is sometimes entirely overshadowed by them. I had a bit of anarchism. This revealed itself when I was in the upper classes of the high school. I was no more a quiet, obedient boy. This was told to my father somehow, and caused not a little anxiety on his part. He said it meant a spiritual suicide to him if I behaved that way. I did not understand what sin really was, but I experienced an intense remorse over grieving the heart of my father. I was made to approach God and live a life of faith in Him, because I could not find a better way to relieve and satisfy my earthly father than to come near to the God in whom he believed. God called me on and on to himself through my father.

"My religious crisis came when at about twenty years of age. I was graduating from my college. I had to leave school temporarily on account of illness and spend a few months on a beach. It was my wilderness of temptations. I stood on a cross-road of life and wondered which way to take. One day, however, I dreamed a strange dream, in which I was walking on the sand, and saw in the distance a sweet baby in the hand of a dark monster which was about to devour it. I stopped, but feeling a wonderful courage somehow rushed to save that infant. The instant I fell on it the monster dispersed like cloud and proved to be nothing worth fear. I thought it was a revelation of God that I should go straight in His road without fearing anything that might seem to stand a threat in the way. I resolved, and offered a prayer of thanksgiving and consecration.

"So my religious experience was not that of sudden lightnings, but that of a quiet morning breaking gradually through the dark of night. After graduation from the college, I worked two years with an American missionary. I was to write articles for an evangelical monthly, and my first interest in the Christian work developed in this task. This missionary advised me to become a Christian minister

and I listened with some earnestness.

"Now, the girls' education in Japan was started about 1870 by some American missionaries. One or two schools were started in Yokohama. Others followed, and soon a very extensive system was established. I was invited to one of these oldest girls' schools in Yokohama. My stay there for five years gave me a chance to look out over the world-wide work and especially those parts of it to which my countrymen were migrating. I followed them in thought with growing interest to Hawaii and then to America. They seemed to me to be very largely as sheep having no shepherd, and I was moved more and more, as listening to a call from my Master to follow them. Thus I went first to Hawaii where I found a wide and wide-open harvest field. Yet still further toward the sunrise His hand seemed to beckon me, and thus I am here, hopefully waiting till with your hands upon my head and your hearty prayer for my Baptism with the Holy Spirit, I may attempt with greater usefulness to do a shepherd's work.

**The Doctrinal Statement.**

There follows at this point a doctrinal statement the vital element of which is Jesus Christ, the personal friend and Saviour. It is He who is the Truth. Without Him there is no Christianity. We know God through Christ. Our aspirations and interests center in Him. We live in and for Christ."

He is clear and explicit in affirming the Divinity of Jesus. He could not be the source of our knowledge of God; He could not fulfill His promises to us, unless He is an Almighty and Infinite Saviour. But our brother's experience seems to have led him to dwell most intensely on the genuine humanness of Jesus. He complains that the disputes of the ages about Him have obscured this, and thus placed Him at a distance from us. "He is a historical man. He was born a man. He grew to manhood like other children. He pleased most often to call himself the Son of Man." "We need this human Christ. If He were not this, all His teachings and doings, His birth, His sermons, His death on the cross, His resurrection are as remote and indifferent for us as what may have occurred on another planet."

"It is through His humanity that He reveals to us the Father. Man is made in the image of God. But this image is marred, is incomplete and often belies God. Here is the perfect man and thus the **perfect** image, representative revealer of God."

"There is a beautiful mountain in Central Japan. The name is Fugi, which may be interpreted as **Peerless.** I used to see it from the verandah of my residence in Yokohama. I enjoyed the sight of its beautiful form floating out from the dusk of the morning; changing its robes of gray, purple and gold as the sun rises in the eastern sky. But it seems only a prominent one of the many heights that fringe the horizon when thus seen from afar. But when we approach by train, the nearer we come the higher incomparably it rises until it seems to reach even to heaven itself. Christ may be to us only a great man when we look at Him in distant separation from Him. It is personal intimacy that brings us to an understanding of His divine glory, so that we may say with the centurion standing before His cross: 'Truly this is the Son of God.' "

Our brother makes much of the personality of Jesus as essential to any knowledge of God through Him or any salvation from Him. "Personality is the most important element in Christianity. Even the fatherhood of God, which is regarded as of the very essence of Christianity, is not without parallel teaching in other religions. There are beautiful expressions of this doctrine in East Indian literature. The Jewish people were prone to see God in the dignity of a sovereign, but the characteristic of old Indian thought was a regarding of God as their 'Heavenly Father'—or sometimes mother, friend or brother. Let us approach thee as a child comes near unto his dear father" (Rigvada). We even see a parable of the Prodigal Son in Buddhist scriptures. In later Buddhism which developed in a remarkable degree in Japan, this thought of God's Fatherhood pervades the whole system. What makes our belief of unique value is the dominant appreciation of personality. It does **not** mean homeogeneity or other close relation between God and man. Our ultimate belief is not in a system, nor even in abstract **truth, but** in a person. It is not the personification of a cold reason, but trust in a personal God whose name is Love."

He adds further a few words that strike home just now. "This sense of personality leads to a high esteem of man. Man is precious, not because he was born high in lineage, not because he is learned. Man is precious because he is man—a son of God. Wherever Christianity has brought its blessed message women and children have been valued at their real worth and slaves are freed from the cruel chains. Christianity will change the whole world from autocracy to democracy: from force to love."

W. C. P.

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**NOTICE TO MUSIC COMMITTEES AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN PIPE ORGANS.**

Your attention is drawn to the new establishment now set up in Oakland for the building of modern PIPE ORGANS under the direction of Mr. Walter Wainwright, favorably known in musical circles in the West, who has recently severed connection with a large corporation here engaged in the building of these instruments, to take up this work on his own account.

Those availing themselves of Mr. Wainwright's complete knowledge of this art will be assured of:

Fine tonal qualities.

Mechanical perfection in constructional detail.

Study of accoustics of building where an organ is intended to be placed.

And finally, as Mr. Wainwright is musical as well as mechanical (a combination in an organ-builder so absolutely essential in this difficult art), he is able to test out thoroughly all organs before delivery. Will bind himself to playing on and testing organs where set up, for one week before handing over the finished instrument, thus assuring himself that every part of the organ is in proper order.

Mr. Wainwright will cheerfully submit estimates and expertly drawn-up specifications of ORGANS of all sizes and range, but whilst quoting reasonable prices, cannot undertake any cheap work. Organs built under his care will be constructed of the fine woods which are so fortunately to be found in California so specially adapted to these instruments. Good organs cost money, if the best only of everything is used in their construction, and no other materials but the BEST are good enough for a PIPE ORGAN.

Estimates will also be furnished for the supplying of the

**WAINWRIGHT "THRUSTLESS" ORGAN BLOWER"**

a machine giving extremely satisfactory wind supply to Pipe Organs. There is hardly an organ found that does not suffer from some defect or other in its wind supply, and this blower meets a much-needed want. It is operated by electricity and is economical in running.

WALTER WAINWRIGHT, Organ Builder,
963 Thirty-third Street, Oakland, Cal.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The stars on the service flag of First Church, Oakland, now number 80.

Mr. F. W. Morrison, student in the Pacific School of Religion, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Olivet Church, Oakland, and will enter on the work the first of the year.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco Professor Bade of the Pacific School of Religion will speak on "Observations and experiences during my Sabbatical Year."

The Washington Gladden Club of Long Beach will celebrate Forefathers' Day on Friday, December 21. Dr. Carl S. Patton of First Church, Los Angeles, will be the guest of honor and will deliver the address.

"It would be a pity for any middle-aged man to miss this book," writes J. Edgar Park in a review in "The Congegationalist and Advance," this week of Dr. Henry Kingman's recent book, "The Faith of a Middle-Aged man."

The Rev. G. F. Mathes has accepted a call to be associate pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Bernardino, his work to be the reviving of Bethel Church which disbanded several years ago. H. B. Mowbray is pastor at San Bernardino.

George H. Dekay, Jr., has been commissioned a lieutenant and assigned to ground service in the aviation corps work at Camp Kelley, San Antonio, Texas. The younger son, Chester, is in the government service as a civilian in the Philippines.

Rev. James H. Lash commenced his pastorate of the Hollywood Congregational Church Sunday November 18, and preached an able sermon from the text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." A reception was held for Mr. and Mrs. Lash this week.

The Rev. R. B. Whitaker has entered on the pastorate at Paradise. Mr. Whitaker was pastor there before going to China. The church at Porterville gave Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker loving farewell and Godspeed, showing their appreciation in various pleasant ways.

The attention of our church people is hereby called to Mr. Walter Wainwright's pipe organ advertisement in The Pacific this week. It is important that there be here in California an organ builder of Mr. Wainwright's attainments, and we suggest to all churches thinking of acquiring such instruments that they write him or call on him in Oakland.

A fine program is being arranged for the Bay Association meeting in Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, December 11. Dr. R, C. Brooks will speak in the afternoon on "The Congregationalism of Today." Dr. Kloss will give also an afternoon address; and several persons will report concerning the National Council at Columbus. In the evening the sermon will be by Dr. Stauffer of First Church, San Francisco.

After the adjournment of the meeting of the Congregational ministers in San Francisco last Monday about thirty went to the Hotel Stewart for lunch together, with the Rev. Albert W. Palmer as guest of honor. There were around-the-table speeches in which was voiced the appreciation in which Mr. Palmer is held, together with regret at his departure—and yet with congratulations because of the belief that he goes to a great opportunity and is finely adapted for the work which Central Union Church, Honolulu, has to do in that Mid-Pacific region during the next decade.

The American Board says in its recent Annual Report: "The work of Rev. J. K. Browne, in connection with the San Francisco office, has been blessed in quite unusual ways. This devoted veteran has traveled among the far western states, addressing churches, Sunday-schools, men's clubs, women's meetings, pastor's meetings, ecclesiastical bodies, summer conferences, and public schools, with the same ardor and unremitting toil that he displayed when a touring missionary in Eastern Turkey. Arrangements have been made for him to continue this service for another year."

The calendar of Plymouth Church, Oakland, contained these words last Sunday: "The many friends of Mr. Palmer who take his hand today can voice but a fraction of their appreciation. His services through ten devoted years have touched every part of the city life, and few men who have lived in Oakland have had so marked an influence. He will be greatly missed and will be followed to his new field of labor by the prayers and affection of a host of people. Bon voyage!" Mr. Palmer preached in the morning, and consecrated thirty children; two persons were received into fellowship. Six hundred children and young people marched into the auditorium. There was a thank-offering of $450.

The members of the four Congregational churches in Berkeley, who were to conduct the Every-Member Canvass last Sunday had dinner together in the Sunday-school rooms First Church Thursday evening of last week. It was a very enjoyable occasion socially in addition to the preparation at that time made and acquired for the canvass on Sunday afternoon, and it is hoped that these churches may come together again ere long in a similar way socially. The canvass in each church was more successful than any heretofore made. First Church, in addition to the securing of pledges for current expenses and benevolences, secured several thousand dollars for the liquidation of the debt assumed last year in the purchase of an adjoining building for parish house purposes. The indications are that the full amount of $14,000 needed for the indebtedness and for the proper furnishing of the rooms, will be assured in a short time. This will make it possible for the Church to enter on an enlarged and more effective work among the young people of Berkeley and the University students.

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## HEARTSEASE.

"Heartsease!" what talisman, or spell has more
Of charm to rest the struggling soul,
When, waiting at the veiled door
Of death, it questions of the goal?

"Heartsease": 'Tis truth and purity,
And childlike trust in human love;
A soul with self in amity;—
Thy graces meek, O Heavenly Dove!

"Heartsease"—and never more unrest;
Nor feeble steps, nor slow decay;
Above, the star of Life's high quest
Along the paths of upper day!

—W. W. Lovejoy.

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The idlest controveries are always the hottest.—John Morley.

## OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The fellowship of the First Congregational Church of this city was sadly broken into on the 11th inst. by the death of William B. Knapp, doctor of dentistry, after a long and painful illness, aged sixty-nine years. Dr Knapp was a native of Ohio, and removed with his parents to Fort Wayne, Indiana, and began his professional career in that city with his father who was also a dentist. In his early manhood he became a member of Plmouth Congregational Church in Fort Wayne. In 1891 Dr. Knapp came to Portland, and united with the First Church by letter on November 1st of that year. From his first connection with the church up to the time he was overtaken by the disease which finally caused his death—a period of twenty-five years—he was a most active and efficient member of the church. He also ranked high in his professional life, and was not excelled by any in all the elements of good citizenship.

Dr. Knapp was married in early life, but in a few years his wife died leaving two motherless children, daughters, which he reared to womanhood. One of these, with two grandchildren, together with a second wife, a most devoted Christian woman, survive him.

Rev. A. J. Sullens, Home Missionary Superintendent of Oregon and Idaho, who just returned from a long trip through his field, addressed the Sunday School of the First Church this morning.

In connection with his sermon this morning, Dr. Dyott made a powerful plea for additions to a fund that is being planned to secure for aiding to relieve the Armenians from their dreadful condition. With all due respect to all other calls for funds so necessary to allay suffering in these trying times, none are more deserving of a swift and generous response than the one now mentioned.

Portland, Nov. 25, 1917.

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## SOME NEW MEXICO CATHOLICS HAVE A PROTESTANT FUNERAL.

"Where does the father of the Protestant church live?" Such was the greeting given to the principal of the Allison Presbyterian school in Santa Fe, New Mexico, as she opened the door in response to the ring of the bell, writes Z. D. McCullough in The Continent.

"Just next door," she replied to the three men who stood before her. They were typical Mexicans. One was an elderly man who had sent his children to the mission school; the other two were of the present generation. Only one of the three could speak English.

Their first question to "the father" of the Presbyterian church was also distinctively Catholic. "What are the rules of your church? Our grandfather is dead and we want to find out if you will bury him." And the minister who has lived for any length of time in a Catholic country will know what they meant by that question.

So "the father" responded, "We have no rules in our church in regard to who shall be buried by the church. Our church doors are always open and the services of the minister are free."

"Where is your cemetery?" This was a little harder to answer. For there was no cemetery in connection with the church which was free for all. So the minister had to explain that they would have to purchase a lot in the city cemetery.

"Can we dig the grave ourselves? We are poor." Yet that was possible if they desired it. "Will you conduct the funeral for us? Our grandfather was a Protestant and we wanted to find out what your rules were and see if we could afford it."

One other question followed: "What kind of box must we have? Or can we make our own box?" And again one could see the marks of poverty in the questions. So the minister replied that if they were not able to buy a box, they could make one for themselves, that there were no requirements about the casket.

The following morning the pastor of the Presbyterian church went to the adobe home to find in the room a large number of Mexican women with black shawls over their heads. On the outside of the building stood the men. As never before in his life did the minister wish that he could speak to these people in their own language. He wished to bring them something that would cheer them in their religious faith. It was a Catholic home into which he had entered, although the grandfather had been a Presbyterian elder. The picture of the saints were upon the walls; the candles were burning over in a corner; some images were also upon the table. And some of the women were kneeling, mumbling prayers.

"We want to give him as decent a funeral as we can," thus had the men spoken on the day before as they interviewed "the father." What was the surprise of the minister to see a nice bought coffin and the undertaker present with a hearse. It afterwards developed that the friends had figured that they would have to pay just about so much for the services of "the father," for the blessing of the church, and for various other Catholic features. Hence when these were found to be free, they determined to buy a casket instead of making a box.

The minister had with him a sunny Mexican convert from the Catholic church, who is honored among all who know him as an industrious, faithful, cheery citizen and neighbor. He had come into the Protestant faith through adversity, for he had been cursed, ridiculed, and mistreated in many ways because he had left the church of his fathers.

While the minister spoke in an introductory way of the Protestant beliefs and their methods of conducting a funeral, the sunny Christian convert interpreted for him and brought the message home to all in the room. How far that simple service may carry, only God knows. Its a novel service to the minister; it was probably more novel to many Catholic friends of the deceased who were used to paying for everything they got in funeral obsequies, and furthermore were not accustomed to hearing any word in their own language. It will be a happy day not only for the lovable New Mexicans but for the nation of which they are an important part when they are able to read and understand for themselves the message of truth divine and find peace through knowing the Christ directly, as their great high priest, their prophet and king.

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## A PRAYER.

Father of all men, make it mine
To feel within the city's jar
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The heart to feel for others, give.
Calm, calm me more; nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

—Mathew Arnold.

Written in Chester in March, 1892.

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The true criticism is to know what is admire.—Sainte Beuve.

# W. B. M. P.

"Mobilizing for Prayer," as outlined in the last "Congregationalist" was presented by Mrs. Kroll at the Wednesday morning meeting, after which she went on to speak of the special topic for the morning, "The Joy of the Master." The present troublous times bring the message very forcefully to our minds. Does our happiness lie closely bound up with material things? Is it able to keep its vitality in the midst of the misery and suffering we are called upon to know of in this day of the world's calamity? Is it centered so deeply in the life of the spirit that nothing short of death can deprive us of it?

Such thoughts as these stirred our hearts as we offered prayers for the flood sufferers in China, our missionaries, and Miss Munger who has so lately joined our ranks as nurse to assist Dr. Tallmon-Sargent at the Lintsing Hospital, the organizations at work for the promotion of missionary interest in our churches.

A most interesting letter was read from Mr. Frank J. Woodward, who with his wife is stationed in the Philippines under the American Board. They were formerly associated with our own Miss Wilson at Kusaie, Micronesia, but were transferred last spring to the new work on the island of Mindanao. Mr. Woodward speaks most enthusiastically of the opportunities of this field.

* * * * * *

Word has been received that Miss Mary H. Porter expected to sail from Shanghai, China, on the 12th of November, which should bring her home in time for the December meeting of the Board. Miss Porter left for China in company with her brother, Mr. James Porter, last February; and has been spending most or the time in the vicinity of Foochow, the scene of her many years of service under the W. B. M. I. She will come with valuable information concerning the progress of our latest venture, the Union Kindergarten Training School at Foochow.

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### QUICK AND EFFECTIVE WORK NEEDED.

The Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions, Woman's Council for Home Missions and Woman's Christian Temperance Union have undertaken a Campaign for Prohibition. While we are studying and praying and working for Africa, our countrymen are undoing our work by exporting rum to Africa. The people of Africa are protesting and a Federal Amandment has gone through the Senate prohibiting the manufacture and sale of rum and prohibiting such exportation. This Amendment will come before the House of Representatives December 7th. One Senator writes: "The women of the country can carry it if they will." We want women of all faiths all over the country to write or telegraph their Congressmen to vote for this Amendment.

A packet of fine telling leaflets may be procured at Headquarters for twenty-five cents.

Let us all work together quickly to get this Amendment through with a very large majority. A delay may mean defeat.

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### A LETTER FROM MISS NINA ELLEN RICE, WORKING TEMPORARILY IN TEXAS.

(Miss Nina E. Rice who was for several years a W. B. M. P. missionary in Sivas, Turkey and who has been unable to continue because of the war, is teaching in Tillotson College at Austin, Texas, under the American Missionary Association. We give here, with some omissions an interesting letter published in the last number of the Pomona College Quarterly. Miss Rice is a Pomona College graduate, and the parts of her letter omitted related to the College.)

In settling in a new country, unlike Jack and the beanstalk, "the farther I get the less I know." So it behooves me to write promptly, before my first impressions are dissipated.

It was a sudden decision to begin work in this missionary school for colored people; but it seemed the next best thing to do, until I can get back to my Armenians. I anticipated finding a school not very different from ours in Turkey, "about the same size and shape, but a different color."

The one disappointment is the size of the school; the attendance is very small this year, owing partly to the war, but more to the failure of the corn and cotton crops. They were so early damaged by drought, that it was not worth while to cultivate them as usual. So, a number of boys, who generally earn money for their school expenses by farm work, are unable to return this year; and many farmer parents are too poor to send their children back.

So our big halls seem rather empty and lonely. We have three tall, imposing, brick and cement buildings, towering up over the city of Austin. I have always said that when I got rich I should buy one of the foothills south of San Dimas, and live there. Now I have the privilege of living on just such a place; indeed, our twenty-acre campus consists of two hills a little valley between. They are covered with natural timber, mesquite, much resembling our pepper trees, and different varieties of oak. We need only a better water supply, green turf, and some good walks and roads to make a wonderfully beautiful campus. The buildings, too, are much in need of internal repairs and conveniences; new plastering, a heating system, maps, pictures, and books. It seems that the College has had a few very generous givers to do the great things, but not enough friends of less ability who yet might provide for its smaller needs.

These conditions are just the opposite of ours in Turkey. There we had a larger, better equipped school in much inferior buildings and surroundings. We are hoping for the day when the white people of the South will appreciate the efforts that are being made, and will do their part to help the negro.

With the teachers and pupils I am delighted. Most of the faculty are white people, well prepared and enthusiastic, and here because they want to be.

The pupils are "black but comely," well mannered and well dressed. The girls of course, rejoice in the strange color combinations fashionable at present, and the boys are rather fond of long words; but who cares?

Today the irrepressible Herrick returned to school, causing quite a flurry of excitement. He used to be considered a bad boy, but he is trying hard to reform. Last year he stayed after class to explain to his new teacher:

"Please don't mind if I say things that make the others laugh. I don't mean to, but they slip out sometimes; you see, I come from a joke-ations family."

Yesterday a new pupil arrived, a young woman who had finished the seventh grade, then married. When her husband died, she passed the examination for an elementary teacher's certificate. But, not content with her preparation, she has saved her money to start to school again, this time in the ninth grade.

"I don't care if they laugh at me,' she says; "I want to learn all I can to fit myself for teaching, and if possible,

for some other trade, too."

She is in my Biology class. My other classes are tenth and twelfth grade English, and a course in the English novel for Sophomores and Juniors. The students are responsive, and I am sure I shall enjoy my year's work.

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# The Home.

## CHILDREN AND PROBLEMS OF RELIGION.

**By Professor Roy Temple House of the University of Oklahoma.**

Some day someone will make a study of the religious psychology of childhood, and such a study would unquestionably prove extremely useful. Religious teachers, as well as secular educators are constantly making serious mistakes in their treatment of children, principally because they are not able to become children again themselves at the proper juncture, and recall just how these matters affect the childish mind. A man has a fairly clear idea of how another man will react to a certain impression, but an attempt to influence a child is much more of an experiment; and the saddest feature of the case is that the experimentor himself is not likely to know at once how his test has resulted, but that only the growth of months and years will reveal whether his well-meant effort was successful, inffective, or, as is often the case, positively harmful because of having excited a secret antagonism.

The reader of biography, especially of autobiography, is often startled by vivid flashes of confession which light up for an instant the workings of a childish mind under the influence of a religious stimulus. It is unfortunate that for the most part he will find information only about the superior and unusual minds; and he will, of course, discover all possible shades of difference between children brought up under apparently similar conditions. Still, if such a reader were to make an exnaustive study of all available material, there is no doubt that he would be able to arrive with as much confidence as an inductive process ever allows, at general principles which any one of us, acting in obedience as teachers to the findings of a very limited experience, is more or less entirely ignorant of.

He would collect a great deal of curious and amusing data about precocious children who fell very early into the religious habits of their elders. Charles Kingsley, for example, the celebrated Anglican clergyman and story writer, set up a pulpit in his nursery at the age of four, donned his pinafore for a surplice, set chairs for a congregation and preached sermons of which at least one was taken down by his mother and preserved. It is as good as many that have been preached by regularly ordained adults. This same Charles Kingsley, who lived through a period of trouble and questioning in the religious England, was attacked with painful doubts in early manhood, but was finally able to overcome them, and came at last to a wholesome conclusion which it would profit other men to reach—the conclusion that the best religion and the one nearest the absolute truth is that learned at mother's knee.

There are melancholy cases like that of the philosopher, John Stuart Mill, who went through life having no hope and without God in the world directly because of positive childhood lessons learned from a dogmaticaly antireligious father; but free-thinkers seem to be made more often by resentment against harsh and ill-advised expressions of doctrine. The rationalist Thomas Paine records that at the age of seven or eight he was powerfully repelled by a sermon on "Redemption by the Death of the Son of God." God was pictured by the preacher as a passionate and cruel man who killed his own son, and the child decided thus early that if this was the Christian's conception of God, he would have none of Christianity. There is food for very serious thought in Thomas Paine's assertion: "A system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

It is only the hardened adult spirit that can assimilate a theology made of anything but mercy and love. The earnest child who became the clergyman and reformer Theodore Parker tried in vain to believe the Westminster catechism. He knew he was a good boy, and although he was trying to be a better one, he was absolutely certain that he was not so hopelessly steeped in wickedness as his minister maintained. Oliver Wendell Holmes has put this instinctive child antipathy to the harsh and bitter with characteristic half-humorous vigor. He might perhaps have become a clergyman, he writes, if a certain clergyman of his acquaintance had not always looked and talked like an undertaker. An eager, questioning mind, which was dissatisfied with the answers others gave him, he escaped the fate of Mills and Paine by a theology of his own elucidation, in which life on this particular planet was reckoned a not wholly pleasant stage in the individual's eternal education and development.

William Ellery Channing, another infant preacher who marshaled the family with a bell extemporized of a warming pan, received very early a lesson in the seriousness of pulpit oratory which might easily have had disastrous consequences to his spiritual life. While he was a small child, his father took him to hear a terrible sermon on the future state of the wicked. He came quivering with apprehension. Was life then only a moment of probation, to be followed, for all but a few elect, by an eternity of excruciating horror? But his father who had shaken hands with various brethren at the conclusion of the service and exchanged phrases enthusiastically commendatory of the sermon, came cheerfully home, pulled off his shoes and replaced them with his most comfortable slippers, whistling softly as he did so, and plunged into the newspaper with as evident a zest as if millions of falen beings were not doomed to never-ending punishment. The child breathed more easily. It isn't true after all, he concluded; preachers talk like that just for the sake of effect.

The same difficulty has troubled many other children. The English poet, Leigh Hunt, as a small boy in Christ's Hospital, was kneeling one day in school church during the chanting of the litany, when the thought of the horror of eternal punishment came to him as it had never come before. Horrible! unjust! impossible! said this infant optimist to himself, and rose from his knees a Universalist. The six-year-old Goethe, horrified by the Lisbon earthquake, puzzled for days over the justice of a God who would allow man to suffer so terribly for no sin of his own.

Some young persons have had a world of difficulty in adjusting themselves to religious practices which seem wholesome and natural to others. George Eliot, who in her girlhood was orthodox and regular in Church attendance, was an active member of a girl's prayer meeting society, but for all her efforts could not work herself up to the pitch of enthusiasm that she saw in her comrades. Harriet Martineau confessed that she could never pray except when alone, and that the hypocrisy of pretending to pray in public when she was not really praying, choked her and made it impossible for her to utter a word. The delicate poet, Coventry Patmore, had a similar experience. As a child he

fell under the influence of certain rigid Scotch relatives who insisted that his salvation depended on his ability to pray extemporaneously; but every time he reached his knees his mind ceased working, and he was never able to "vent a word."

There is a significant warning in Sir Arthur Besant's account of his boyhood Church attendance. Forced to sit through the service before he could understand a word of what was spoken from the pulpit, he fell into the habit of dreaming through the sermon period, a habit of which he was never able to break himself. He maintained that he had never in his life been able to listen to a sermon from beginning to end, and that he consequently owed nothing to sermons.

A recollection of Leigh Hunt's hints at the uncanny power of suggestion. As a child he had a horror of vile words, but on one occasion, when all alone, his mind dwelt on the horror so insistently that he yielded to an uncontrollable impulse and uttered an oath. For days afterward he went about in an agony of remorse, saying to himself when anyone spoke kindly to him: "Ah, if they knew that I am the boy who said D——." A vicious tendency in the poet Coleridge was crushed out at the proper moment in the following curious fashion: Young Coleridge, like Leigh Hunt, an inmate of Christ's Hospital, read Voltaire and decided that he was an infidel. When neglect of some religious formality occasioned his informing the superintendent of his philosophical position, the old gentleman at once sent for a rattan and flogged the infidelity out of him so thoroughly that he never suffered a recurrence of it.

If any of us needed reminding of the potency of a good example, we have a thousand evidences of it in these records. George William Curtis attributes his bent toward the higher things to the silent influence of his older brother Burritt. This earnest, somewhat ascetic but loving and tolerant Christian appears in disguise in the novel, "Prue and I": "In the long winter evenings I often read to Prue the story of some old father of the Church. * * * Yet when the saint seems to us most saintly or the poem most pathetic and sublime, we find ourselves talking of our cousin the curate.

A French novelist, writing what purports to be the autobiography of a very small boy, remarks that adults are prone to regard lightly maters of which children are able to see the fundamental seriousness. William Cullen Bryant tells us that as a boy he prayed for the poetic gift, but that later he dropped the phrase out of his prayers as childish. He concluded later, he adds, that it is a man's privilege and duty to pray for anything which seems to him good, be it great or small, and that he was perfectly right in praying for so noble and useful an ability as the gift of poetic expression.

It is thus that a few remarkable children have viewed the great problem of the relation of God to man. Perhaps their findings have been quite as true and useful as those of the theologians. And since we are warned that "Whosoever doth not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein," it is more than possible that we might learn from these childish memories that which will be conducive to the health of our own souls.

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**To win and hold a friend we are compelled to keep ourselves at his ideal point, and in turn our love makes on him the same appeal. Each insists on his right in the other to an ideal. All round the circle of our best beloved it is this idealizing that gives to love its beauty and its pain and its mighty leverage on character.—W. C. Gannett.**

# For The Children.

## HOW THE FLAG WAS WON.

"All the other villages around have a flag on the schoolhouse,' said Joe Mills.

"Yes, but we're always the last place to have anything," returned his companion, Will Long.

The two boys were sitting on a log by the brook which threaded its way at the base of the hill, on top of which was their schoolhouse, a bare and weather-worn structure.

Joe glanced up at it critically. "A flag there would show splendidly all over the country," he remarked, presently.

"It's a fine place for a flag," agreed Will.

"Say," exlcaimed Joe, "I wonder if we can't have one?"

"How?' asked Will.

"Let's go and see the trustees. Perhaps they've never thought of it. Maybe they will buy a flag for us."

"And maybe they won't. You know what a hard time we had getting those new blackboards last year."

"Will's words proved true. He and Joe visited the trustees the following day. The flag was declared to be an unnecessary expense.

"I wish we could raise some money and buy a flag in spite of them," said Joe, hotly, after interviewing the last of the trustees.

"We might get up a subscription from folks for it," suggested Will.

"No, that wouldn't do. You know everyone has given something for the courthouse bell—and there was a lot of trouble getting that."

The other boys of the school had heard of Joe's and Will's effort to induce the school trustees to buy a flag. They were much excited over it, and proportionally disappointed when they learned of the refusal of the trustees.

The following week, a new store was opened in the village. Among the various things displayed in the window were several American flags, one of which was quite large and made of bunting.

Joe and Will, with several other boys, stopped to admire them one afternoon on their way home from school.

"Isn't that big one fine!" exclaimed Will.

"It's a beauty, and would be just the thing for our school," said Joe.

"Why can't we raise the money to buy it ourselves?" asked another boy.

"You just tell us how to raise it and we will," said Will.

But no one could tell.

"I expect we must just give it up," said Joe, gloomily.

As the weeks passed by the boys gradually ceased talking about a flag for the school. And then their interest was claimed by the approaching baseball game in the neighboring village of Trenton All the boys were anxious to see the game. "But it costs a dollar to go to Trenton and back, and then it's fifty cents to get on the ball ground," said Will.

"I don't suppose any of us will get to go," said Joe. "Every one says that money is so scarce this year."

It was a late and unusually rainy spring, with the result that by last week of May all the streams about the village were overflowing their banks.

One morning, when Joe and Will reached school there were but eight or ten other boys there. And Mr. Bowen, their teacher, was not there.

"The water is in his home, so, of course, he won't be here," explained one of the boys.

"The water is in all the houses on the lower side."

"I am glad that we all live on high ground," exclaimed Will.

"There'll be no school to-day. Let's go around and see how things look!"

"Let's go down to the mill," suggested Will.

They found that the mill was almost surrounded by water and the latter creeping steadily nearer. The miller, Mr. Smith, looked up at the boys' approach.

"I have all these sacks of flour! They will all be ruined. My men are busy taking care of their own places."

The boys crowded up to the door and peeped in.

"The flood came so unexpectedly that no one is prepared for it. It's twenty-five years since we had such high water."

"Say," cried Joe, "why can't we help Mr. Smith carry it upstairs?"

"Of course we can," shouted Will. "Come on, boys."

He pulled off his coat, all the others following his example.

"Good!" cried the miller. He looked greatly relieved. "If you will help me we can get it up before the water reaches it."

There were several hundred sacks of flour and it was slow work getting them up the narrow, winding stairs. But the boys worked with a will. Before noon the last sack had been carried up. And it was just in time. The water had reached the door sill.

"Well, the flour's safe, anyway," said Mr. Smith, rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

The boys were putting on their coats preparatory to going home to dinner. The unusual work had sharpened their appetites. The miller looked around the group.

"I am very thankful to you, boys," he began—

"Oh, we were glad to do it," said Will.

"You have saved me a heavy loss. I want to pay you in some—"

"We don't want to be paid," was chorused.

"I appreciate your feelings, boys, but all the same—" He paused and looked at Will and Joe. "You two boys were very anxious for a flag for the school. Now, do you still want it—or—would you like better for me to take the whole lot of you to see the baseball match at Trenton. The cost of doing that and of the flag would be about the same. What do you say? Will you have the flag or see the game?"

There was a silence. The boys looked at each other. At last Joe said: "Wee don't want to be paid, sir; but, of course, we would like a flag."

Then Joe made a sudden dart out of the door, and, waving his cap, shouted, "Hurrah for the flag, boys." He pointed to the schoolhouse in plain view on its hilltop. Won't a flag look fine there?"

The other boys joined him, followed by Mr. Smith.

The latter said: "And that ball game will be a fine one."

This was met with another "Hurrah for the flag, boys," from Joe, all of his companions reinforcing him.

"Then you prefer the flag to seeing the game?" asked the miller when he could be heard.

The answer was a decided chorus of "yes."

"I wanted to test your patriotism," went on Mr. Smith, smiling. "I am glad that it is stanch. I'll have the finest flag floating up there," pointing to the schoolhouse, "that I can find around here."

Joe waved his cap. "Three cheers for Mr. Smith, boys." The cheers were given with vigor.

"Of course," said Will, as they were on the way home," we are sorry for the people having the water, but if it were not for the flood we wouldn't have the prospect of the flag."—Emily S. Windsor.

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When the rule of gold displaces the golden rule there is always loss.


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